At Your Mercy

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At Your Mercy

by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

Hannibal had a stressful day and Will has an idea to make his husband feel better.

Notes

Kinktober Day 12 - Chloroform/Drugged
Enjoy!

Hannibal could be considered a calm man. Even when he killed his victims, he was always composed, elegant - of course, exceptions existed, but mostly, he had full control of his actions. It wasn't easy to make Hannibal feel truly angry or stressed. As already known, rude people often got on his nerves, but he often managed not to demonstrate what he truly felt. Especially to Will. He didn't want to bother Will with those issues. But that day was different.

And Will realized it as soon as he heard Hannibal's voice on the phone, when he called to ask if it'd take him long to arrive home. Hannibal was clearly stressed with something, judging by his tone. Will said it was okay, he would wait for him with dinner ready, and Hannibal replied that he would try not to be late. When Will hung up, he noticed how enticing Hannibal sounded when angry, and decided to make a surprise for him; his husband needed something to release his stress after such a rough day at work.

After about half an hour, Hannibal finally parked his Bentley next to their house. When he opened the door, he could inhale the dinner's pleasant smell. Will wasn't waiting for him at the door as he usually did, and Hannibal headed to the dinner room; the table was set, and Will was sitting at the chair next to the one Hannibal usually sat in, at the end of the table.

Will was drinking something from his glass, and as Hannibal approached, he smirked, before saying:

"Good evening, love."

"Hello, my dear", Hannibal smiled and got closer to Will. "Whiskey?", he said before kissing Will's cheek.

Will only took a sip again, and smiled.

"Now, you can tell me what happened in your day."

They talked as they ate, mostly Hannibal telling the things that happened and Will occasionally nodding and agreeing with him. Hannibal liked when Will made dinner, it wasn't so fancy like his, but still great.

When they finished, Hannibal noticed something different on Will. He had a calm, relaxed expression, a weak smile on his lips, breathing slowly. Noticing Hannibal's curiosity, Will lowered his gaze, looking at Hannibal's plate. Then, Hannibal lifted the plate and saw a small note under it. It said "I can't move, take me upstairs and use me. You have one hour."

Hannibal put down the note, a shiver running down his spine. Did Will really drug himself so Hannibal could use him in any way he wanted just because he was stressed? And also staying conscious during the whole time because he knew Hannibal liked it? Hannibal simply smirked, getting up and going to Will, taking his now soft, fragile body in his arms and went to their bedroom.

Will had a satisfied expression, and it aroused Hannibal even more. He almost ripped Will's clothes, and soon the pale skin was covered in kisses, hickeys, bites marks, scratches. He held

Will's thighs firmly, in a way that surely would leave bruises later, and kissed his neck, his chest, his belly. Will's paralyzed body had some involuntary reactions, like trembling when Hannibal put three fingers inside him, or biting his lips when Hannibal turned him around to get inside, manhandling Will for him to stay still.

Will let out painful and pleasurable noises as Hannibal thrusted violently into him, the bed crashing against the wall, and he felt happy that his beast was having the feast he deserved.

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